

NO LAW NECESSARY TO SAVE DAYLIGHT HOURS, M'LISS SAYS

Person Who Keeps Ahead of Time Doesn't Require Legislation to Coerce Him

He dream in some "off" moment, goes forth early to make it come true. Many people who need only seven hours sleep take eight and nine. Others, prodigal with time, because it seemingly costs them nothing, take ten. The man or woman who finds out just how little sleep is needed and takes not five minutes more than that is the man or woman who is going to get things done. When Edison discovered that he could do with four hours he stopped taking eight. Few can do with only four hours' sleep. It would be foolish for them to try, but many there are to whom seven or eight hours are ample. Anything over this amount instead of being refreshing and energizing stultifies the brain and enervates the body. The person who rises early, like him who takes cold baths, is often apt to regard himself as superior to his fellow-man, and to make the life of those with whom he comes in contact miserable by his vainglorious pretensions. He has some ground for superiority, this being who is abroad while others lie under the covers. If he isn't superior it's his own fault. Let us say that he gains two hours a day, that he gets up at 6 instead of at 8. In a year he has a handicap of 730 hours. Now, if eight hours constitute a full working day, this man by merely rising two hours earlier than his accustomed wont has gained more than ninety-one full working days. A fortune can be made, a destiny shaped, a world discovered in ninety-one days. Columbus found America in less than that time. We are always wanting to do great things—if "we only had the time." Let's not wait for a mandate to turn back our clocks. Let's save the daylight. Perhaps our great discovery is waiting for us. M'LISS.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



FOR HIS INFANTILE MAJESTY THE dainty little dress featured is a French model of fine nainsook. The square neck, which is especially desirable for warm weather, is finished with heading and real Valenciennes lace, similar to the finish of the sleeves. The yoke is formed of pink-tulle and hand-embroidered dots. A hand-embroidered scallop finishes the hem. A special value is this hand-made dress priced at \$4.75. Nainsook is also used for the hand-made bonnet. It has a Dutch turn embroidered and scalloped by hand. Strings of self-material are finished with feather stitching. Price \$2.75. For cool days the kimono jacket is very practical. Like the others it is hand-made. It comes in various silks in pink, blue and white with a self-colored china silk lining. In embroidered crepe, as shown, it is \$3.25, in plain \$2. In plain china silk it is \$1.75. It makes a very acceptable gift. The name of the shop where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEADER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

MUSIC'S CHARM HAS AWAKENED RESPONSE IN HOMES OF POOR

Teacher of "Art Divine" Alternates Between Culture of Bryn Mawr and the Lowly Stratum of the Ghetto

MISS M'CALLIP'S TASK

How would you like the job of translating the feelings and emotions of Little Italy into music? How would you go about teaching her swarthy sons and daughters in the great melting pot the rudiments of musical form, harmony and melody? Would you be willing, if you taught in the homes of the wealthy, and were accustomed to cultured surroundings, had studied in Paris with famous masters, Italian, Russian Jews, Poles, Scotch and English—and just plain South street, in precisely the same way she gives it to her wealthy pupils. For to Miss McCallip, continued Miss McCallip, acting as the sponsor of these children which cannot be equaled by any other experience. And the children at the Settlement School, 427 Christian street, repay her amply by their enthusiasm and progress. "I love to teach music to these children," Miss McCallip said. "But first of all their interest must be stimulated. They come to us with a shyness and distrust most pathetic. They don't know what the teacher is going to do for them. First, the physical progress has to be looked after. They learn games and have story-telling classes and sewing and walking clubs, and in this way their confidence is gained. "I have classes in music and rhythmic dancing. The idea is to teach the children to put melodies to words and words to simple melodies. They work hard, but their progress is often hampered by the work they do in the daytime and their racial limitations. "A study of the influence of the various nationalities on their artistic sensibilities is very remarkable," continued Miss McCallip. "The Russian Jews, for instance, will play their instrument, whether it is violin, mandolin or piano, with a fire and intensity of expression that fairly does away with technique. The Irish, English and Scotch nations are more stolid. They may be expert in technique, but they lack the power of interpretation. The Poles are docile, and many of them show talent. "Ignorance at home is one of the chief obstacles that the teacher has to combat. The parents of these children are laborers; they have no appreciation of music themselves, and they make criticisms of the work as we do it that are harmful to the child. Many cannot stand the bare practice-books with a scrawl on the outside announcing that the parent didn't like these pieces, and the child should not play them. "Teaching in the schools where wealthy and cultured girls are pupils and then transferring her efforts to the children of the congested district has shown Miss McCallip many phases of modern education. One morning she instructs at Bryn Mawr the same afternoon finds her at the Settlement School, 427 Christian street. "Wealthy girls are often inclined to feel that wealth can buy culture. They may work hard, but they do not always persevere. They have an innate self-satisfaction that is fatal to achievement. The children at the Settlement have all to gain by their work along musical lines. It is their only recreation; it is, with many of them, an expression of feelings that they do not know they possess. For years and years they have been taught self-repression, to hide feelings, to suppress emotions. This makes them so nervous and so highly strung



MISS EMILY McCALLIP

that music to them is a valve—an emotional necessity. "When we have a particularly talented pupil he gets every possible aid to encourage him. He can get lessons in anything at 5 cents to 25 cents. I have had some remarkable pupils, most of them Russian Jews. But every child, even the out-and-out 'dumb' one has the chance to learn."

Parasols Again

The June bride would like a parasol for her going-away outfit. One particular parasol, adopted by her, is made of Japanese slat—slender bamboo sticks that collapse at a harsh word—collapse so completely that they resemble a swagger stick when closed. The top of the parasol is painted with various Japanese designs. The end of the handle may have anything in it, from a mirror and powder puff to a cigarette case.

Maple Sugar

Maple sugar frosting is the particular delight of the kiddies in one household. It is an old recipe which is very well known up in the northern parts of Canada where the maples abound. Simply boil maple sugar until it forms a soft ball in water, like candy does. Turn in slowly to the well-beaten white of an egg and beat until smooth.

Quaint Coiffure

Have you been wearing your hair straight back from the face all winter? If this style suits you, you can wear the quaint coiffure, for there is little difference. The latter reminds one of dark-red curls, but the ornaments are of gold lace and sparkling. It is ornaments like this that draw attention to the charming way in which the hair is arranged. This stately coiffure is easily made. It requires a special texture of hair, though. Curly, fluffy locks are not so easily dressed as smooth, glossy, rather heavy hair. Needless to say, black or very dark brown hair suits the type to perfection. The hair is drawn back from the face, lying in soft, lustrous waves on the forehead. Every woman knows the peculiar hair-line that most becoming to her face, and she softens or hardens it as she chooses by the looseness or tightness of her hairdressing. Small wisps of curls at the temples are not Spanish, but many girls wear them to ameliorate the harshness of the drawn-straight-back style. When the hair is smooth from plenty of strenuous brushing the ends should be piled high up on the head in a large coil. A pin holding a knot of dainty hair is a pretty addition to this, but a large clip is a certain and plenty of hair is used as well. The hair is thick and has the natural wave of a suspicion—no more—may be put in with an iron.

Bean Salad

Freshly cooked green beans may be added in the lobster for an hour or so. Lay on crisp lettuce leaves, also chilled, and cover with a French dressing. Mayonnaise is also used.

Advertisement for Quaker Moth Proof Chest, featuring an illustration of the chest and text: 'BETTER THAN TAR BAGS OR CEDAR CHESTS. DON'T buy those clumsy, unsightly tar bags for your winter clothes. Buy a QUAKER MOTH PROOF CHEST. The only positive prevention of the moth evil. Moths cannot stand the Quaker Chest. They never get into a Quaker Chest. Convenient to store, certain and cheap. Cost just \$1.00. Sold by all Department Stores and by the best Drug Stores.'

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'Lisa, care of the Evening Leader. Write on one side of the paper only. Dear M'Lisa—I have a serious problem to solve and wish you would help me. Two men say they love me. One of them is my employer. He is 10 years older than I am. I am 22. I would-to-do. I have a great deal of admiration and respect for him. I see him every day and under all sorts of trying conditions and he has never done anything that detracts from my highest admiration. The other man is younger and better looking. His position is not much better than mine. He is a good-looking man, but I don't think I would want to give either one of them to marry me. SORA. This is too serious a matter for outside interference. Let your heart, plus some head work, of course, dictate your course of action. If you think that you love two men equally well, it is quite possible that you love neither of them deeply enough to justify marriage. I believe love to be very exclusive, and if you were really afflicted with the genuine disease, I don't think there would be room in your thoughts for the serious consideration of more than one man. Bide a while. Don't dismiss either of them. Tell them exactly how you feel toward them, and I am sure that in time you will be rewarded with a sign, if not from Heaven, at least from your inner consciousness, that will help you solve your problem. Dear M'Lisa—Please tell me if Mrs. Mary B. Rinehart is the author of "The Yellow Dog" she lives? I am INTERESTED. Mrs. Rinehart does not use a nom de plume. She was Mary Roberts before she married Dr. Stuart M. Rinehart. She studied nursing in the Pittsburgh Training School for Nurses. The date of her birth is August 12, 1876. Her address is Glen Osborne, Sewickley P. O., Pa.

THE WOMAN WHO SEWS

Women who wish help with their dress problems should address all communications to the Fashion Expert, care of the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Leader.

The first touch of summer makes the whole feminine world kin, for it awakens every woman to the fact that the time for considering the summer wardrobe is at hand. And speaking of summer, is there anything quite so depressing as the summer wardrobe of a season ago? The crumpled, faded dresses, the narrow, tight-waisted skirts, fitted closely to the hips and sadly minus buttons! The faded, a discarded neck becomes doubly pathetic if it has to do service for another season. Given a few deft touches, there is hope for the most forlorn linen. The narrow skirt of yesterday—which even last season wasn't a hobble, by any means—must be let out on the seams and taken up at the hem until it reaches the fashionable five inches from the ground. If it has ball buttons, flat pearl ones should be substituted. A good laundering—and the result will surprise you. Discarded frocks may be refurbished with a dainty white net yoke and collar, or one of the fashionable fichus that cover such a multitude of sartorial defects. A wide moire sash of some harmonizing or contrasting shade will also do its bit. A soft yoke, a jabot and collar, or a crepe de chine tie will improve a bedraggled-looking blouse. Try it before you discard.

Dear Madam—I have a dark lawn dress and every time I do it up the starch shows on it. This is very bad, I wonder if you know any way to do this? My dress is very nice. Your advice will certainly be helpful. There are two cases, edged with marabou. Ties the front together with narrow, flesh-colored satin ribbon, a flesh-pink cord. A cluster of very tiny French flowers tucked away in the fuzzy marabou looks pretty. Dear Madam—I want to make a light summer frock for my daughter. She is 18, tall and fair with slender figure. I want something very dainty, preferably white, although there is no reason why she couldn't wear colors. Your suggestion would be a help to me.

Why not select some of the pink-and-blue flowered effects, worked on sheer white tulle, for your daughter's frock? These are decidedly charming. A double-floated skirt, fichu or surplus blouse and detachable ribbon girdle would be pretty, although you can get other distinctive patterns for a dress of this sort. I saw a fascinating ribbon for a girdle—it was about 5 inches wide, and had lengthwise stripes of the loveliest pastel shades in moire on it. Such a belt could be made to wear with any light frock; the combined shades would harmonize with all colors.

Dear Madam—I have enough blue taffeta to tell him to "Ate that now or go hungry!" The man feels sorry for himself. He distrusts that perfectly normal stomach of his, distrusts it so hard that it refuses to work. Professor Cannon of Harvard Medical School, has demonstrated experimentally and practically the fact that fear, worry, rage and other unpleasant emotions will absolutely stop all digestive processes in the healthiest individual. Think what happens to this fellow when he sets that much worried mind of his at worrying about the digestion of his grape nuts and other pap! Why, his diet is enough to make him sick 'a-bed!' It is a fit ration for a brown leg-horn. What the man requires is a course of psychological manhandling. He has mollycoddled himself into a state of chronic indigestion. Surely he doesn't consider such pap diet! The pap may be a factor, but the cause of the trouble is introspection, auto-mollycoddling.

Note particularly that every type of nutrition—fat, protein and carbohydrate—seems to disagree with the poor fellow. Note that he believes his diet is the cause of his troubles. Surely he doesn't consider such pap diet! The pap may be a factor, but the cause of the trouble is introspection, auto-mollycoddling.

NUTRITION HINDERED BY WORRY AND OTHER UNPLEASANT EMOTIONS

By WILLIAM A. BRADY, M. D.

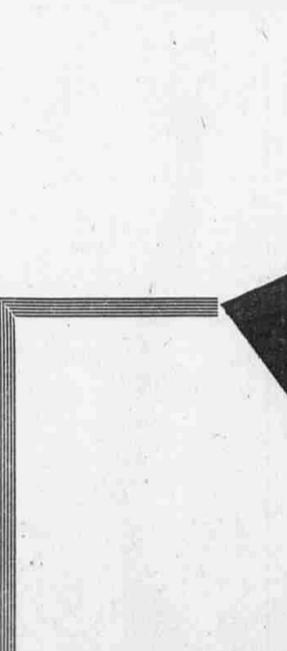
Doctor Brady will answer all asked letters pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest, it will be answered in these columns; if not, it will be answered privately. Doctor Brady will not prescribe for individuals or make diagnoses. Address Dr. William Brady, care of the Evening Leader.

"FOR ten years," writes a business man, "I have been a victim of gastro-intestinal neurosthenia. I have consulted many specialists and visited various sanitariums and health resorts, taken all sorts of non-medical treatment as well, without permanent benefit. Some months I feel a little better, but I soon relapse. I have to neglect my store a good share of the time. "My diet seems to be the cause of the trouble. Acids, sweets, meats and certain starches and fats seem to disagree with me. Eggs disagree, and milk usually does, too. Test meals have proved that it takes from 10 to 12 hours for food to leave my stomach. There was an excess of hydrochloric acid found present. The stomach was dilated two inches below normal level. "I take little exercise, eat all over and fed tired and exhausted, sleep poorly and am antipathetic except when I take a cancaro liquid. My diet is, chiefly, toasted bread and butter, white of egg poached lightly, shredded wheat, grape nuts, a few prunes and occasionally butter beans. I eat two meals a day. "Being a druggist, I don't monkey with medicine, except occasionally a dose of essence of pepin after meals. "Now, for the love of heaven, can you advise me what to do next? "Assuming that the unfortunate man has had a reasonably careful examination to exclude organic disease, and that the term gastro-intestinal neurosthenia is just the doctor's way of expressing the belief that introspection alone is accountable for all the symptoms—a very probable state of affairs—the best thing he can do is to find an occupation, something which will occupy his mind, rouse the spark of enthusiasm, keep him worried about making both ends meet, and leave him no time for riddling. His needful job of real work, physical and mental. He needs some one to abuse him, to amuse him, to enthrall him. He needs to adopt a brace of triplets. He needs some coarse, unscrupulous person to thrust a plate of pork and beans under his nose, hand him a mug of coffee and

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Justice Charles Evans Hughes

THE man whom many politicians believe will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency, has had a remarkable career. Hedged in with the dignity of his judicial office, it is impossible for visitors to learn his views on the present political situation, or for the press representatives to chronicle a day in his company. But next Sunday's Public Ledger will contain an illuminating presentation of the personality and career of Justice Hughes. It comes from the pen of a brilliant writer who was in intimate touch with him during his service as Governor of New York State, and the article will be as interesting and authentic as it is timely. Read it in

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MARION HARLAND'S CORNER

All communications addressed to Marion Harland, should be stamped, self-addressed envelope and a clipping of the article in which you are interested, and wishing to aid in the charitable work of the H. C. should be sent to Marion Harland, care of this paper, for addresses of those who would like to help, and if you have news, communicate direct with those parties.

Once Popular Music to Give

"HAVE about twenty sheets of popular vocal music of a decade ago, to which any one is welcome by paying the postage. Now for a few questions. Can any one tell me what phonograph records are composed—I mean of what material? Was Pennsylvania a slave State? Is it proper to speak of this as a Southern State? Has any one a map, large or small, of North America, showing Mexico and the Panama canal, that he or she can give me? I would gladly pay postage. I should also be grateful for the gift of a geography. "MRS. B. S. S."

Your first query is respectfully referred to our chemists and those interested in the manufacture of the records. In 1790 there were slaves in every State in the Union, with the exception of Massachusetts and Maine, which was a part of Massachusetts. By the process of gradual emancipation slavery was abolished in the Northern and Eastern States, but in 1840 there were still 44 old slaves in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania has never been reckoned a Southern State. It ranks among the Eastern States. Your requests are commended to the notice of students of geography.

Book of Old Songs

"I have a book of old songs. At any time you want one, let me know. I am the oldest inmate of this home. William F. Smith was colonel of all the militia in Philadelphia when I was a boy. Can you or any of your Compatriots tell me for what years he held that office? St. C. G." Our inviolable member, who writes from a "retreat," is mindful of the frequent call issued by us for old songs and puts his ample collection at our service. We are grateful debtors. Will some one answer the query as to Colonel Smith?

Silk Pieces and Magazines

"I am a reader of the Corner and enjoy it thoroughly. I am a nervous woman and should like to receive letters from elderly people who have been in the same predicament. Perhaps it is a sort of fear. I believe I am interested in religion, which I hope has benefited me. I worry about myself, which keeps me thin. I will gladly give silk pieces and magazines to any of the women who ask for them, as patch work brings happiness to some, just as I should enjoy them also. MRS. F. M."

The unconscious intimation given in your letter of your knowledge of one cure for morbid introspection and misgivings leads me to hopeful belief in your ultimate cure. There is no sure path to happiness than the active service for the good of one's fellow-creatures. The homely advice of a mother to her melancholy son—"Do something for somebody else"—and be quick about it!—embodies a wealth of wisdom. I trust you will find the wholesome friendship you crave. We thank you for the silk pieces and magazines.

Copy of Poem Wanted

"I wish to get the poem 'The Better's Missing Child.' You will find a stamped and self-addressed envelope to use when the verses come in. MRS. L. R."

Another Avis Comes

Your warm welcome to the innermost of your home circle in the name of Avis Dear touched my heart. It certainly will be an inspiration to me to try by faithful means to earn an abiding place in the memory of her associated helpers. "AVIS H." Mrs. H. sends the welcome to our family circle.

German Potato Salad

Cold meats and potato salad make a typically delicious dinner, and nothing tastes better on a very hot day. Real German potato salad is delicious, here is the recipe. Cut boiled potatoes into slender slices and mix with two raw onions, minced, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and two tablespoonfuls of mixed oil mixed with a dessert spoonful of vinegar. Toss and turn, and put into the salad bowl. Set in the ice for two hours. Just before serving stir into the salad a half cupful of mayonnaise and pour the rest of the dressing over the salad. The mayonnaise may be omitted with no difference in the quality of the dressing.

HEMSTITCHING

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SPORT FROCKS AND DRESSES

A collection of rarely beautiful dresses in designs and colorings usually to be seen only in the most expensive imported models. Not a gaudy or inharmonious color combination anywhere. They are all with that indescribable touch that distinguishes the real from the imitation, and yet they are priced \$15.00 to \$25.00.